

The Daily Movie Magazine

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

They All Work Together in a Big German Picture
DOWN in a little out-of-the-way town in Long Island the other night I had a chance to see a presentation of the latest and most ambitious motion picture effort of Ernest Lubitsch, the great German director who produced "Passion," "Deception" and "Gypsy Blood." It was shown in a town that nobody ever heard of and will not again be seen until later in the winter, when it is released throughout the country.

You may wonder why this performance was given in this hamlet so far removed from the bright lights of the big cities. I have no authoritative information on that point, but I can tell you something that may have had some bearing on it.

New York, you know, recently installed a Board of Censors. They have the same powers that our censors have, but, of course, no law can be retroactive, which is a slang term meaning having a kick-back, so the censors cannot interfere with any picture which has been shown publicly before the date when they took office.

A lot of new pictures were shown in various tall grass burrs around New York the week before the censors were inaugurated. Far be it from me to hint that anybody was trying to get around anything, but facts is facts, and there you are.

This new German film interested me more than any other that has been brought here. I do not mean to refer now to its merits; only my highbrow friend, the critic, is permitted to talk about that sort of thing.

But this one, called "One Arabian Night"—was an excellent example of the way those foreigners sink their own personalities and their own reputations in order to create the best ensemble possible.

Pola Negri is the star and opposite her is Harry Liedtke, who played with her in "Passion." Those two would be sufficiently strong to carry almost any picture, but in this the producer goes even farther.

LUBITSCH himself acts an important part in the play. And the only director who can compare with Lubitsch in Europe, Paul Wegener, takes a minor role. If you can imagine D. W. Griffith directing and acting, and Cecil de Mille or Marshall Neilan acting minor parts and being assistant directors in the same picture, you would have an American counterpart of this situation. But it isn't done over here.

A FEW days later I met a man who had just come back from abroad and who had played around the Lubitsch studio a great deal. He told me a number of things that were surprising and I think the most surprising of all was his statement that the German people cannot understand the American admiration for Pola Negri.

They consider Negri only a fair third-rate film actress. Their ideal of a genuine star is Henry Forten, who played Anne Bolyn in "Deception." Well; mebbe, mebbe. All my own German blood comes from County Clare and that's probably why I can't see it.

This man says that Lubitsch himself is so bashful and retiring that it is almost painful at times to see him directing a difficult scene. He hates to speak roughly to any one; he dislikes hearing his own voice raised so loudly as to make him conspicuous.

If you had ever seen a man trying to yell some brains into a mob of a thousand dumb-bells, you would understand how much chance an inconspicuous director has to make a picture.

But Lubitsch simply won't do it. So he always has an assistant director with a voice like the bull of Basan, wherever he was.

And, when things aren't going right in a big scene and a bunch of superiors are all over the scene and their own feet and smiling at each other sweetly during a bloody battle scene, he turns to his assistant and, in a subdued but somewhat hostile whisper, says:

"Oh, no, no. That will not do at all. See if you can't get those people down there to do it better. Will you please? Ask them if they can't make it more realistic."

And the assistant raises the megaphone to his mouth and bellows, "Hey, there, you slab-sided son of a Sesovie boy's mate, what in the—," and so on and so forth.

Of course, it sounds different in the original German. I can imagine that it would. German always struck me as if it were invented for just that purpose.

IT DOESN'T seem likely that we will get more of these German films. We've called their market pretty thoroughly and found most of the stuff absolutely unsuitable to American audiences. Those that we've had were well worth seeing and it was just this co-operation among their big film people which made them possible. But the work and the big salary Percy Hammond calls "fatuous ineptitudes," which is a vulgar way of saying they're mostly bunk.

Daily Tabloid Talks to Fans on Breaking Into the Movies

By JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

What You Will See in a Photoplay Scenario
The authors of this series are the famous Emerson and Loos, who have written some of the most successful photoplays. They now have full charge of all scenarios for Constance Talmadge.

HERE is a sample bit of one of our own scenarios, based on the stage play, "Mamma's Affair," which we recently wrote for Constance Talmadge. These are the last few scenes of the photoplay:

Eve watches her mother go into the room and the doctor goes to him, gives him her hand, and says very quietly:

SP—"Good-by, doctor."

The doctor looks at her astonished and says, "What?" Eve looks up at him sternly and says:

SP—"Good-by, I can hardly hope to see you again."

She then starts out the door. The doctor hurries after her, stops her, and says, "What do you mean?"

Eve turns to look at him, and then says very calmly:

SP—"I shall be leaving tomorrow."

"The doctor, taken aback, steps back a couple of steps, looks at her in astonishment and says:

SP—"I just told you that I'm busy you."

Eve looks at him commiseratingly, smiles a cynical smile and says:

SP—"You just told me you would take me in because you see no way to prevent my becoming a chronic neurasthenic."

The doctor looks at her, flabbergasted at the plain way in which she is putting things. She then goes on and says:

SP—"You don't want me, but you'll take me in. You'd take a tart into a hospital."

The doctor looks at her, tries to speak, stammers, stops not knowing what to say. Eve then takes a step toward him, smiles commiseratingly, and says:

SP—"You don't have to do that. I have learned how to handle mamma. You don't have to worry about my health."

The doctor looks at her surprised at this new Eve, who is in no need of him at all in his professional capacity. Eve looks at him, then says, "Eve!" She turns, looks at him and says, "Yes?" He looks at her helplessly, trying to find words to express himself and then says:

SP—"I can't let you go like this."

Eve looks at him calmly and asks "Why?" The doctor looks around helplessly, stalls a moment, and then says:

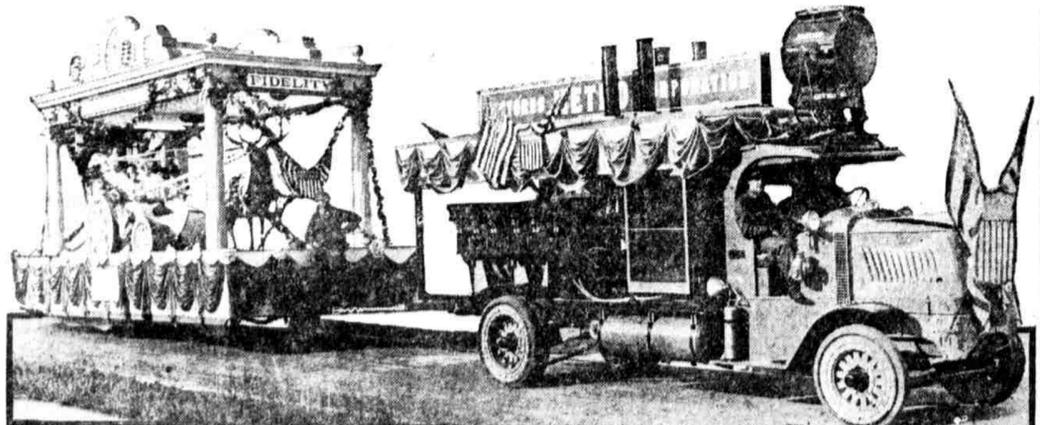
SP—"Because I love you."

Eve looks at him a moment, and then dropping all her pose, simply screams with intense relief, she says:

SP—"Well, that's what I've been trying to get at."

The doctor rushes over to her,

THEY HAVE TO CARRY THEIR WHOLE ELECTRIC PLANT WITH 'EM AROUND STUDIOS



The largest portable motor-driven generator plant ever constructed has recently been completed by Metro to furnish electricity for filming night scenes on location. With the use of this portable power plant, which is mounted on a specially built truck, pictures can be made in out-of-the-way places which have been impossible to reach for night work.

The power plant consists of a 500-horsepower Liberty motor, built especially for the company, and two special submarine type generators. These are mounted on a special frame on the truck. This truck was built especially to carry the power plant and has twenty-one speeds, sixteen forward and five in reverse.

The entire plant was assembled at the Metro studios in Hollywood, and it has taken more than six months to complete. Several weeks ago this power plant was used to furnish electricity to illuminate a number of the floats in the Elks' electrical pageant in Los Angeles. It ran for five hours without a stop. The set is capable of supplying electricity for a small city.

GERMAN FILM INTRODUCES WHOLE CAST OF CELEBRITIES



PRISCILLA DEAN TELLS WHAT SHE THINKS OF HERSELF

By PRISCILLA DEAN

MY WORST fault (in the opinion of my friends) is that I take myself too seriously. To me this is not a virtue—on the contrary, I deem it a fault.

Motion-picture celebrities' daily doings have become so interesting to the men and women, boys and girls, of this country that those of my profession who respect and love their work feel they owe a debt to all who have helped them attain prominence.

Whenever some celebrity drive is on, I go into it heart and soul, not for what little publicity may be obtained, but in the hope that I am setting an example of unselfishness to my little friends as well as aiding the cause for which the drive is held.

This probably sounds frightfully conceited, holding oneself up as an object lesson, but I am in earnest about this. Because a few foolish girls have come out to Los Angeles and behaved—shall I say—unconventionally at infrequent intervals the majority of the natives have gained the impression that all motion-picture people are immoral.

In the majority of cases the girls who go on these joyrides and stunts never went near the studios. So you see we are trying to make our profession respected as well as setting a good example to my little friends.

What do I think about myself? I think—and you'll probably agree with me—as a writer, I'm a pretty fair motion-picture actress. If you don't believe that, see "Reputation." I think it's the best work I've ever done and it proves what I've just told you about keeping your lives and reputations unspiced.

Gareth Hughes Wants to Meet Youth Who Impersonated Him
SINCE Gareth Hughes left New York for Hollywood he has been puzzled by a series of letters from persons who referred to meeting him at the Criterion Theatre in New York during the run of "Sentimental Tommy."

The explanation came the other day with the discovery that a youth of similar age, size and appearance had impersonated him. The "double" used to haunt the Criterion every night, but disappeared after making an appointment for a magazine interview.

"If he's as much like me as they say, I'd like to get on his trail," says Gareth. "First to teach him who's Hughes. Then to have him in reserve in case I ever need a 'double' in a picture."

NEIGHBORS KICKED WHEN ELINOR GLYN TOOK TO JAZZING

By CONSTANCE PALMER

THURSDAY night, at the Hollywood Hotel's weekly dance, we were bumped by some of the best people, Priscilla Dean, just back from location in British Columbia, was there.

Margery Daw's pretty feet tripped the light fantastic with Dana Todd, protégé of Madame Glyn, who also never missed a dance. Penrhyn Stanlaws looked rather lonely, and I saw him dancing only once, and then with Mrs. William De Mille. Marguerite de la Motte and her fiancé, Mitchell Leisen, appeared to be the best of friends, in spite of her published denial of their engagement.

They tell me something amusing about Mrs. Glyn. When she came to our United States it appears she admired excessively the life-warding jazz dance as executed on the local floors. So she bought her a phonograph and commissioned "Blenkie," her faithful secretary, to assist her to learn. After taking lessons from the youngbloods down stairs in the lobby of the Hollywood, she and Blenkie would repair to the Glyn apartment and put theory into practice.

Not only "way into the wee sma' hours" would they step to the tune of "Japanese Sandman," but all day, too. Three times Mrs. Glyn was forced to move the typewriter, and might have been asked to move a fourth by a diplomat, clerically voicing of the protests of neighbors unawed by majesty, but for the fact that she had mastered the difficult art of jazz and could perform continuously in public what she had perfected in private.

Helen Ferguson is to be heading woman in William De Mille's next picture, the title of which, though I have hinted and hunted, I am unable to find out. However, production is expected to start about the middle of August, and then just let 'em try to keep it from me!

AFTER her one soda, Herbert Howe, who writes the clever things in virtually every fan magazine published,

got off this one. I asked him how a certain company, notorious for the quick waxing and waning of their multitudinous stars, determined their selections. "Aw," he hunched, "they're hitting six glass upside down to the last drop. 'The girls save coupons.'"

When Marshall Neilan showed his "Bob Hamilton of Plover" here, as an experiment, he inserted "Not Made in Germany" before the picture was shown. This, after the first startled moment, called for a storm of applause. This is certainly an American Legion town!

Claire Windsor, the lady who did the disappearing act in the hills, has been chosen to play Frank Mayo's lead in "Dr. Jim." However, previous to beginning the picture, Mr. Mayo will go down to Mexico for personal appearance. Just why Mexico I don't see, but I suppose he knows best. The rest of the world thinks there's enough excitement in Hollywood.

As part of "Don't Tell Everything," the all-star special in which Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid and Elliott Dexter are appearing, a real polo game was given between Mr. Reid and Mr. Jack Holt on one side and the team of a local club on the other. The movies lost, 7-5, but then they looked nice. The game was used as part of the picture, so watch for it.

I looked up at him—he's so tall that I have to look pretty far—and brushed

CONFESSIONS OF A STAR

As Told to INEZ KLUMPH

THE STORY BEGINS
with the early days in the old Fine Arts studio in California, when Colleen Moore, the Gish girls, Bessie Long and a host of others were not much more than extra girls. Diana Cheyne relates the tale; she begins with the day in the studio when she and Isabel Heath, not stars then as they are now, were sitting on the stairs when a strange man came into the studio and looked at them. The cameraman called them down to meet him, and it proved the turning point in Isabel's life. He was Phil Croney, a famous director from the eastern studios, and he taught Isabel the first of the screen's "baby camps," and engaged her for such a part in a photoplay as was now going on with the story.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VIII
I WISHED that something—almost anything—would happen to me as I hurried along home, with the picture of Isabel Heath and Derry Winchester back there on her vine-screened porch, in the back of my mind. I wished that somebody would suddenly send for me and make me a star, or cast me opposite a wonderful leading man, or most anything. Any girl who has seen another girl walk off with the man she likes best will know how I felt.

It didn't make me feel any better the next day to learn that, in the picture I was to begin work on the afternoon, I was to play an awfully poor girl and wear a ragged, dirty dress that the wardrobe woman had brought at a rummage sale held by the Salvation Army, and then rubbed in the mud to make it look worse. And I was to work with a director whom I didn't know and was afraid of. One of the girls had finished a picture with him not long before that and she said she went home and cried every night because he scolded her so.

He just yells and yells at you if you don't get a thing right the first time," she had told me. "Mary Pickford herself couldn't suit that man."

I got into my awful dress and sneered as I made-up on my own way. I distinctly remember that my mouth was lopsided—and went down to the floor. At first I didn't see any of the people I was going to work with, and then I noticed Teddy Sampson, and went over to where she was. And two minutes after I got there Isabel and Derry sauntered up. I could have gone straight through the nearest knothole. Isabel looked marvelous in a new silk sweater and a dress that had all hemstitched ruffles. Derry looked stunning, too. Teddy Sampson began making fun of the dirt on my hair and my clothes, but I just felt more miserable than ever. And then Burns, my director, called to me. I was going to begin work with him before long. He was ways at all, in front of Derry and Isabel.

We ran through a scene or two, rehearsing, when the assistant director took some chalk and marked on the floor the lines indicating how much of the set would be caught by the camera—you have to stay inside these lines, you see. It seemed to me that I was horribly dumb; certainly I was very conscious of Derry and Isabel and of two men who stood near them, talking and watching us.

When Burns finally said, "Well, you're all rotten, but I don't suppose anything can be done to improve you—camera!" I wished I could run out of that studio and never see him again. I knew that I looked awful; my hair, which I had had to dampen to make it look stringy, was hanging down my face, and I felt like a pig. I had to look at myself in the mirror and I felt toward it as if I belonged in the hotel where I was supposed to live.

Luckily for me, in most of the scenes I had to act perfectly invisible, just the way I felt. And at the end, where I had to flare up and defy the Sheriff, who had come to take my mother and me to the poorhouse, I knew I'd felt toward it as if I belonged in the hotel where I was supposed to live.

"Go, stuff, Derry!" Derry told me when I came off the set. He'd left in talking to Teddy Sampson, and come over to where I stood, still panting from my work with the Sheriff. "You did that awfully well."

I looked up at him—he's so tall that I have to look pretty far—and brushed

BEATRICE JOY

who has been seen in "Dunty Pulls the Strings," and other productions, has been engaged by Cecil B. DeMille for a prominent role in his new all-star production which he is to start about September 1. No other announcement concerning the picture has been made by Mr. DeMille beyond the fact that it will be made at record speed in accordance with the producer's recent statement that it was his purpose this time to set an example of the possibilities of making a big picture in a comparatively short period of time.

my hair back from my eyes. I liked him better at that moment than I ever had before.

"Derry"—I spoke as she thought came into my head. "I wonder—can you come over tonight, and we'll go to Norma's new picture. I have some guesses." (Derry always took me to Norma's pictures.)

"Why, I—you see, Di, I've promised Isabel—" he began, getting red, and sort of stammering.

"Oh, all right—don't bother." I turned around and dashed off behind the next set, just as Isabel called behind her to him. "Derry, come here!"

And standing there, gulping down the sob that it seemed would certainly choke me, I watched him talk a minute with Is and then go away with her, taking her arm to help her over the long, dark stairs that formed a network on the floor and led to the lights—helping Is, who had made her way over those cords alone more times than he had!

I was still standing there, swallowing hard when Colleen Moore came along. "Mildred's going to Triangle, Di," she began. A few days before some of us had gone to the Triangle studio, to try for engagements, and neither Colleen nor I had been successful. "And listen to this. Why don't you—what the matter with your eyes; got a cold?"

"Yes, an awful one," I gulped. "Why are you going to say?"

"Why, I've had an offer to go into comedies, with the Christies. They're awfully nice, you know, and comedies are good training, and I think I'll do it. Why don't you see if you can't do it, too?"

"Oh, Colleen, comedies!" I protested. "I'd always had a high opinion of her dramatic ability, because the day she came for the East was so often when they told her to cry, she wept buckets of tears as easy as anything, without using an onion or any other first aid, and now I couldn't think of her in comedies."

"Well, they teach you to work fast, and they give you good experience; and I think make it over," she advised. "Better think it over," she advised.

I did. And two days later, when I heard that Isabel had departed suddenly for the East with the Cranes and Mr. Markham and Derry and Billy Shayne, I went right straight to our studio and asked to be released as soon as the picture had been started and not an engagement in making comedies. I felt that I couldn't stand it to spend any time in that studio where Derry Winchester and I had so often pined, worked together, or practiced new dance steps in a vacant set while we waited for our director to call us.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Fatty's Little Derby Comes Back

What has become of the little brown derby that Fatty Arbuckle used to wear in his comedies? The diamond-encrusted gear will make its comeback in "Gee-Whoo Goo," one of Arbuckle's recent pictures. In this picture the heavy star disperses himself in a derby of 1913 vintage.

<p>PHOTOPLAYS</p> <p>STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of the early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.</p> <p>APOLLO 522 & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY EUGENE O'BRIEN in "WORLD'S APART"</p> <p>ARCADIA CHESTNUT 101, 107th 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WANDA HAWLEY in "THE SIBIR"</p> <p>ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY SYDNEY CHAPLIN in "KING, QUEEN AND JOKER"</p> <p>BALTIMORE 81ST & BALTIMORE STS. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WESLEY BARRY in Marshall Neilan's "DINTY"</p> <p>BENN 64TH AND WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY ELLIOTT DEXTER in "THE WITCHING HOUR"</p> <p>BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continues 2 until 11 ALL-STAR CAST in "The Revenge of Tarzan"</p> <p>CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. TOM MOORE in "MADE IN HEAVEN"</p> <p>COLONIAL 6th & Market-wood Ave. 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M. THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN"</p> <p>DARBY THEATRE JUSTINE JOHNSTONE in "THE PLAYTHING OF BROADWAY"</p> <p>EMPRESS MAIN ST. MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY Special Cast in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "IT'S A GREAT LIFE"</p> <p>FAIRMOUNT 20th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN"</p> <p>FAMILY THEATRE—1811 Market St. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. SPECIAL CAST in "THE HEART LINE"</p> <p>56TH ST. THEATRE—Helen Spruce MATINEE DAILY ALL-STAR CAST in "THE CONCERT"</p> <p>FRANKFORD 415 FRANKFORD AVENUE ALL-STAR CAST in "THE TEN-DOLLAR RAISE"</p> <p>GLOBE 5001 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. IRENE RICH and ALLAN HALE in "THE VOICE IN THE DARK"</p>	<p>PHOTOPLAYS</p> <p>GRANT 4022 GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY ALL-STAR CAST in "IT'S A GREAT LIFE"</p> <p>GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. & 8th 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. POLA NEGRİ and SPECIAL CAST in "GIPSY BLOOD"</p> <p>IMPERIAL 90TH & WALNUT STS. Mat. 2:30, Evng. 7 & 9 DOROTHY PHILLIPS in "MAN—WOMAN—MARRIAGE"</p> <p>Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and DONALD CRISP'S PRODUCTION "APPEARANCES"</p> <p>OVERBROOK 65th & HAVERFORD STS. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ELSIE FERGUSON in "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE"</p> <p>PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "CHARGE IT"</p> <p>PRINCESS 1918 MARKET STREET MARGUERITE DAW and SPECIAL CAST in "THE BUTTERFLY GIRL"</p> <p>REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17th 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. JUSTINE JOHNSTONE in "SHELTERED DAUGHTERS"</p> <p>RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE (COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION) "The Woman God Changed"</p> <p>RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. CONSTANCE BINNEY in "THE MAGIC CLIP"</p> <p>SAVOY 1311 MARKET STREET J. J. PROTHMAN'S CAST TO MIDNIGHT "THE TEN-DOLLAR RAISE"</p> <p>SHERWOOD 5th & Baltimore Ave. JAMES HIRSHWOOD and Special Cast in "A WISE FOOL"</p> <p>STANLEY MARKET AT 19TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. REGINALD HAYES' PRODUCTION "THE OLD NEST"</p> <p>333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN"</p> <p>VICTORIA MARKET ST. at 9th GOVERNOR MORRIS' CAST "A Tale of Two Worlds"</p>	<p>PHOTOPLAYS</p> <p>The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES</p> <p>BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 1:30 & 8:30 to 11 P. M. WANDA HAWLEY in "THE OUTSIDE WOMAN"</p> <p>CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 2:30 and 8:30 to 11 P. M. SPECIAL CAST in "SUNSET JONES"</p> <p>COLISEUM Market bet. 50th & 50th 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. SPECIAL CAST in "THE KILLER"</p> <p>JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. SESSUE HAYAKAWA in "BLACK ROSES"</p> <p>LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. DORIS MAY and COURTNEY FOOYE in "THE BRONZE BELL"</p> <p>LOCUST 52D & LOCUST STREETS Mat. 2:30, Evng. 8:30 to 11 THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN"</p> <p>RIVOLI 52D AND RANSOM STS. MATINEE DAILY SHIRLEY MASON in "LOVE TIME"</p> <p>STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. AT VENANGO STREET THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN"</p> <p>AT OTHER THEATRES MEMBERS OF M.P.T.O.A.</p> <p>Germantown 8510 GERMANTOWN AVE. ALL-STAR CAST in "THE JOURNEY'S END"</p> <p>JEFFERSON 26th & Dauphin Sts. DORIS MAY and COURTNEY FOOYE in "THE BRONZE BELL"</p> <p>PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. 8:15, 2:15, Evng. 8:15 to 11 MARY McLEOD and NORMAN BERRY in "THE WILD GOOSE"</p> <p>WEST ALLEGHENY 25th & Allegheny STS. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. "SENTIMENTAL TOMMY"</p>
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